

THE WIDE-AWAKE CIRCLE

Boys' and Girls' Department

Rules for Young Writers.

- 1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.
4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the story.

POETRY.

Faraway Land. When I was a tiny little lad, and sat at my mother's knee, I knew many beautiful, wonderful things, that didn't seem strange to me.

And I knew that on shining silver sands, fathoms under the sea, were castles of shells, and coral-reefs, where mermaids' homes must be.

And once, over hills and through far off woods, I had traveled day by day, To the Magic Land, where the Rainbow ends, and the gold is stored away.

And O! the nights when the Frost King came, and breathed on a sleeping world. The trees were bewitched, the mountains white, and the rivers mother-of-pearl.

And the Reindeer led by Kris Kringle's hand, raced under the moon-beams bright, And joy and mystery joined hands over the world that night.

Ah! lonely man, you have traveled far from your friends of yesterday. You don't even know the language they speak, in the land of Where-Away.

"You are great, and rich and famous now," you hear the world acclaim. But you'd better fit all to be a boy, in the Land of Dreams again.

—Ann Bernard in Our Dumb Animals. The Peanut Is Not a Nut. By Joe Cone.

"The Department of Agriculture has decided that the peanut is not a nut"—News item. O! luscious little peanut brown, far from the sunny south of yesterday.

For years we've cracked your brittle shell, And munched your luscious meat, Believing in our souls you were the proper thing to eat.

For indigestion and all ills you were commended, but how can you beneficial be, since you are not a nut?

Somehow I hope to wake at morn, out of a troubled sleep, and find the sun is shining bright, and find no clouds to weep.

I hope to see no walls of white, in lasting letters cut; "Awake! Awake! Believe them not, the peanut is a nut!"

UNCLE JED'S TALK TO WIDE-AWAKES. The other day when Uncle Jed was walking among the dahlias an odd bit of color in a big flower attracted his attention.

He was about to examine the golden brown spot when it sprang upon him and then it sprang upon the foliage of a dahlia near by, and he recognized it as a hyla or tree toad.

Of the toad tribes these are the pigmies and we hear them chirruping in the trees very much oftener than we see them, and they are sometimes mistaken for a bird.

They can spring long distances like the flying squirrel and their feet are so formed that whatever they light upon they are as sure-footed as a fly.

The hyla's chirruping is decidedly musical, and when it is heard a great many people say that it is going to rain, but I hardly think the hyla is the caller up of or the forerunner of a shower.

The one hid in the dahlias to surprise insects and to feed upon them was of a soft dove-brown color and the only beauty it could boast of was his color, for he was as homely in form as any of the Bufo tribe.

The tree toad is not often surprised and I never saw one before among the dahlias. He only chirrups in the hottest days in summer, hence he is not expected at this season to make a sound.

How such a tender little creature endures the frost and ice of winter seems to be past finding out.

THE WINNERS OF PRIZES. 1—Edith Somers of Norwich—A Thrift stamp. 2—Goldie Bruckner of Norwich—Dorothy's Tour.

3—Eloise C. Smith of Norwich—A Thrift stamp. 4—Agnes Gayeska of Colchester—Ethel Morton and the Christmas Ship.

5—Gladys M. Loring of Mousump—The Camp Fire Girls' Careers. 6—Elizabeth Shaw of Norwich—The Camp Fire Girls on Ellen's Island.

7—Jane Fellows of Washington, D. C.—A Thrift stamp. 8—Doris Geer of Norwich—A Thrift stamp.

The winners of prizes living in the city should call at The Bulletin business office for them any hour after 10 a. m. on Thursday.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Agnes Gayeska of Colchester—I received the Thrift stamp for which I thank you very much. I am sending another story.

very interesting. Louise Kovarovic of Ashford—Thank you very much for the prize book which you sent me. Boy Scouts on Sturgeon Island. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

STORIES WRITTEN BY WIDE-AWAKES. A Lesson Alex Learned from the Ants. Alex had not gone very far on his way to school one morning when he spied several ant hills.

Being interested in ants and other insects, he stopped to watch them as they ran hither and thither, carrying grains of sand with which to build their homes.

As he watched them a new thought seemed to strike him. "What industrious little creatures these are," he was thinking to himself, "and how ashamed of myself I ought to feel when I complain of doing some small task."

"I will turn over a new leaf," he thought, as he walked along to school, "and not let those little ants be more industrious than I am."

Alex did turn over a new leaf and from that time on was never known to be lazy. He had learned the lesson of "Industry" from the busy little ants. JANE FELLOWS, Age 13. Washington, D. C.

Little Neighbors. It was about the middle of June that a pair of song sparrows began building a nest in a clump of dead grass beside a newly built cottage.

One day a man in cleaning up the yard and not knowing the locality of the nest, tore out the nest and carried it off, leaving the birds in great distress.

The owner of the cottage, who had watched the birds making the first nest, didn't expect them to come back when they had been so badly treated, but about two weeks after in the same clump of bushes where the first nest had been there was the next rebuilt with four eggs in it.

The eggs were grayish white, speckled with brown and lavender. The birds had brown heads trimmed with gray bands. Their backs were grayish brown and underneath they were gray, streaked with dark brown.

The distinguishing mark of the song sparrow is a black spot on the breast. The only visible difference in the two nests was that the first faced the east and the second the west.

Perhaps the mother bird intentionally turned her back on her troubles. The nest was deeply sunken in the ground beneath a tightly woven roof of dead grass; it was round, neatly made and perfect.

If anyone has ever watched an old hen peck at the ground she knows that little song sparrow fluffed out her feathers and spread her wings in a broad fashion.

Pretty soon there were four fuzzy nestlings in the nest. They kept and grew most of the time, filling the nest more and more until at an hour known only to themselves they flew away.

Father and mother were an unwearied solist, and as they say that the sparrow family sing twelve distinct songs, the four song sparrow children from the grass nest will surely have something to keep them from remembering that winter is coming when they begin taking music lessons. ELIZABETH SHAW, Age 13. Norwich.

How I Raised My Peppers. My pepper seeds were first planted in boxes in the house. These boxes were watered every day and placed in a sunny spot where the seeds would grow. As soon as the seeds began to grow and it became warmer the boxes were placed outdoors in the sun during the day. Every two or three days these little plants were fertilized a little.

When they were about six inches high I set some of them out in the yard and placed a small hole for each plant and placed a little fertilizer in the bottom of each hole. Then I placed a little dirt over the fertilizer and set the plants in. I pushed the dirt down firmly around the roots of the plants, being sure to put in plenty of dirt.

For a few days I had to water the plants in the morning to keep them from wilting and dying. As soon as they got a good start in the ground I stopped watering them entirely. After this all that I had to do was to keep them watered until the peppers got large enough to pick. GLADYS M. YOUNG, Age 13. Mousump.

Thrift Stamp School. Our school has forty-six dollars and seventy-five cents in Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps. We have only about twenty-six scholars in our school. Now I am going to tell the Wide-Awakes how our school is helping it.

It is just a small country school but it is helping Uncle Sam very much. Everybody writes on both sides of their paper, and do not waste it. They don't use their pencils or pen and ink unless it is necessary, and in this way they save money and buy Thrift Stamps for it.

The only way we can help is by not wasting and with the money that is saved buy Thrift Stamps. The boys and girls all give the money they get and the more you give the quicker we'll kill Old Kaiser Bill and bring the world war to a happy end. AGNES GAYESKI, Age 12. Colchester.

Cotton. Cotton is produced in the southern part of our country. British India, Egypt and Brazil. It requires fertile soil, abundance of rain and a long, hot summer.

The seeds are planted in early spring. The rows are three feet apart. The blossoms are large and light. When the blossoms drop off the pods come which contains the cotton.

When the pods are ripe they burst open. The cotton is then picked and taken to the cotton gin. This machine picks the seeds from the cotton. It is then taken to another machine and pressed into bales. It then goes to mills and is made into cotton cloth and thread. MILDRED TUCKER, Age 11. Norwich.

LETTERS TO UNCLE JED. Six Weeks at Camp. Dear Uncle Jed: I have missed very much not seeing the Wide-Awakes this summer. I have been away at Camp Mystic for six weeks, where I had a perfectly glorious time. We had dancing, arts and crafts, first aid, nature study, swimming, diving, rowing, canoeing, hiking, athletics, and horseback riding. The camp owned a motor boat, the best in the harbor, and we often went for rides or trips to Mystic Island or Fishers Island. At Mystic Island we went in swimming and had our supper on the rocks.

We went on a camping trip to Fishers Island where we spent three wonderful days, and two nights on the beach. We played in the sand, and went swimming or rowing. Most of the girls wore their bathing suits



5th Prize, \$0.50—HISTORY, by John Gunderman of Norwich.

nearly every day, but I got so sunburned that I only did it one day. I spent the other two days mostly in besieging the owner of the first aid kit for sunburn lotions of all kinds.

We were divided up into squads. Ours was the "Stormy Petrel" squad, and the girls in it were "Stormy Petrels." We also had the bad luck to be allotted to a councillor who owned a tin whistle, which she used so much that all you had to say was, "Stormy Petrel, foot, foot!" to raise a laugh.

The "Stormy Petrels" were not so bad, however, for we found an old chest with the bottom and top knocked out, and it made a fine pantry. An old wash basket we found made an excellent toilet for our party. Then some of the girls put up a shelter out of a culter blanket and some drift-wood, so we were fixed comfortably enough to draw the envious eyes of all the other squads.

Back at camp we had as much fun. There were four girls and a councillor in each tent. We had to get the tent in order every morning after breakfast. At nine o'clock the inspectors came around, armed with pencil and paper. We to the tent that had a piece of thread in the back yard, or a bit of fuzz on the floor, as we did once. The best looking tent received an honor banner, and the worst, a booby sign. Our tent had the second best record of the season, for we had the banner eight times, and honorable mention fourteen times. We never had the booby.

I hope the Wide-Awakes had as fine a summer as I, but they could hardly have had a better time. Thank you for the prize. I bought Thrift stamps with it. ELOISE CROWELL SMITH. Norwich.

Our Red Cross Show. Dear Uncle Jed: I am writing you a story telling about our show that seven girls and four boys and I gave in August. The children's names are Ruth Bruckner, Edna and Jo Halpern, Della and Mabel Babador, Florence and Kenneth Morrill, Beatrice and Viola Shoules, Rose Wiener, who was a private dancer and Max Goldfob and myself.

Eleven dollars and sixty cents was made, and given to the Red Cross two days after. The show was as follows: Four wounded sailors, Bennie Bruckner, Max Goldfob, Kenneth Morrill and Joe Halpern; and three Red Cross Nurses: Florence Morrill, Mabel Babador and Goldie Bruckner. Three Cheers for Uncle Sam, by Goldie Bruckner and Florence Morrill.

A Happy Birthday, Joe Halpern. Bennie Bruckner, Mabel Babador, Max Goldfob, and Beatrice Shoules. Baby's Prayer, by Edna Halpern and Ruth Bruckner. Many little dances were done by the smaller children.

They all have brothers in the service and many of the children belong to the Junior Red Cross club. At the end of the show we sang The Star Spangled Banner, Keep the Home Fires Burning, and other patriotic songs. GOLDIE BRUCKNER, Age 13. Norwich.

Doing Her Bit. Dear Uncle Jed: I have one War Savings Stamp and I toward another, and have joined the Junior Red Cross. I take Current Events and have knitting three face towels and have started another.

I go to the Town Street school, and am in the Fifth grade. We have eight studies. DORIS GEER, Age 10. Norwich.

A Little Patriot. Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to do my bit by knitting socks, pillows, face rags and other things for the Red Cross. In our school we joined the Red Cross in our own way. We may not do much, but every little bit helps. Uncle Sam wants us to save sugar, wheat and other grains. So I think it is nice for the children to help.

This summer some children gave a fair at Eastern Point. They made ninety-three dollars. It is not much, but it helps. I am going to help to win this year. Everybody can help by saving pennies to get Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and to help the Fourth Liberty Loan.

I have a hundred dollar Liberty bond. EDITH SOMERS, Age 10. Norwich.

GETTING THE RIGHT START. By Florence Alberta Barns. It was on a Saturday morning when Mr. Parker, manager of a large city office, employed two new office girls, and told them to report for duty at 8:30 Monday morning. It was 8:25 Monday morning when Emily Carson, one of the two girls, stepped quietly into the office ready for work. It was 8:25 Monday morning when Grace Hill-dred, the other girl, rushed breathlessly into the office and denounced the street-car service in loud tones. Mr. Barker merely listened to the girl's excuse, and kept his thoughts, whatever they were, to himself. He assigned the girls their respective work, made a few careful explanations, and left them.

Emily, first of all, quickly took an inventory of the equipment provided for her on her desk. She arranged her pencils, blotters, erasers, stamps and other tools in the most convenient places, added a freshly filled fountain pen to her supplies, placed a quantity of scratch paper to her right on the desk, and then opened the box of filing cards in front of her. A half-hour later, when Mr. Barker passed by her desk, Emily was completely oblivious to her surroundings, so absorbed was she in her work.

Grace, on the other hand, opened the box of filing cards before her, and hurriedly began to sort them. Her fountain pen needed filling and she had to hunt the ink bottle. When she returned to her desk, she made a mistake in her cards, and made several errors on the record sheet. This necessitated a search for an eraser, which she finally found after shuffling everything in and on her desk. Mr. Barker, in his half-hour round, found her nervous and vexed, vigorously erasing figures on the record sheet.

Emily placed all her records on scratch paper first, and then copied them neatly on the record-sheet. Grace's sheet was untidy and blotting. When the two girls handed them in at noon, Grace said petulantly: "This sheet is a mess, I know, Mr. Barker; but everything went wrong this morning." Emily smiled when she handed hers in, and said, "I hope I was not too slow, Mr. Barker; but I put all my figures on scratch paper first, so that I wouldn't make any mistakes on



9th Prize, \$0.25—SOMEWHERE IN NORWICH, by Faith E. Curtis of Norwich.

Advertisement for Barstow Richmond Ranges. Features the text 'fuel thrift PRACTICED NOW' and 'Schwartz Brothers' with address '9-11-13 WATER STREET, NORWICH'. Includes an illustration of a range.

SAVE, SERVE BUY W. S. STAMPS

spending two weeks' vacation at Pine Grove, Niantic. Carlton Jewett motored to Bellows Falls, Vermont, Sunday in company with Keeney Banning, of Hadlyme, who received a telegram that his sister, Miss Lillian Banning, was seriously ill.

Rev. and Mrs. J. G. Ward and Miss Gertrude Ward of Plainville visited at M. J. Stark's several days last week. Miss Gladys Miner is ill with Spanish influenza.

Mrs. J. Lawrence Raymond attended Guilford fair last week Wednesday.

SOUTH CRISWOLD Oliver M. Young is hauling wood to Glasgow. Julius Wolfram of Mystic spent Sunday with local friends.

Many people here have been suffering with colds. Clarence H. Luther has been transferred from Norfolk, Va. to Newport News, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Winthrop of Bayonne, N. J., are visiting at the home of the latter's parents.

Mrs. Harriet Palmer attended the funeral of Austin A. Main in Voluntown Sunday.

An aeroplane was seen over this place Saturday. Storry Pierce and family were calling on relatives in town Sunday.

Several from this place attended the funeral of Homer H. Kinnin's on Pendleton Hill.

SOUTH WINDHAM Several in this place are ill with colds and grip. Those who are confined to their homes by illness include Mrs. W. C. Card, Mrs. Alfred Card and Willis Slater's family, Richard Leads, Howard Green's family, Daniel Eves, Miss Calista Backus and Miss Maud Smith, also Arthur Sweet.

Austin Wade has moved his family to Mrs. Carrie J. Backus' house. Mrs. Rice of Norwich, was in the place one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie A. Clark motored to Franklin Saturday and called on Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry King.

NORTH LYME Mrs. Gile L. Reynolds of New London was here Saturday.

The Olinaky family, who have occupied the Fostick homestead for the past two months, returned to New York Saturday.

Mrs. Robert Vonnoh has returned to her home in New York after spending the summer here.

Rev. and Mrs. Francis Purvis are

NORTH STONINGTON Funeral services for Mrs. George H. Stone were held in the Third Baptist church last Wednesday afternoon.

Rev. A. Bursch, pastor of the Seventh Day Baptist church of West-erly, read the scriptures and made an address. Rev. Lucian Drury offered prayer. Mrs. William G. Hammond sang two hymns.

Rev. and Mrs. O. D. Fisher entertained the officers of the Congrega-tional church at supper last week.

Mrs. O. D. Fisher was called to Boston Saturday by the death of a niece.

Rev. Lucian Drury conducted burial services for Paul R. McGowan, the year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. McGowan, at River Bend cemetery, West-erly, Thursday. Owing to illness in the family, no services were held at the home.

An account of numerous cases of influenza in town, no services were held in the village churches Sunday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Hammond and son, who have spent the past four months in this village, left Saturday

for their home in Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Helen S. Coates, who was appointed teacher of the Center school, has concluded her engagement there, after teaching two weeks.

Dr. T. P. Maine, who was attacked by Spanish influenza last week, does not yet recover.

Funeral services for Austin A. Maine of Voluntown, a former resident here, were held in the Third Baptist church Sunday afternoon. Mr. Maine united with this church 21 years ago.

The services were conducted by Rev. Lucian Drury, who spoke from the words "But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Mr. Maine was a member of the Independent Order of Foresters, Court Advance, No. 3838, of Voluntown, and the bearers were from that fraternity: Charles Anderson, Martin Monroe, Howard Perkins, Charles LaChapelle, John LaChapelle and Lewis Richards.

EKONK Ekank was well represented at the Windham county fair at Brooklyn, Friday night. Charles Anderson, Mr. T. P. Maine, who was attacked by Spanish influenza last week, does not yet recover.

Harold Hopkins of Plainfield spent Friday night at the Center school. The beautiful colorings are on the forest trees; the high winds are scattering the leaves all about.

Miss Marion Blakeslee attended a chamber meeting Friday evening of the D. A. R. in Mousump, and visited a friend over Sunday.

Miss Amy Gallup of Pendleton Hill is a visitor at the station homestead. Mrs. Walter Conroy visited her sister in Danisison a few days recently.

The local teacher, Miss Brown, spent Sunday at her home in Colchester.

Marion Brown of the Wylie school is suffering from the results of a fall when she struck her head on the door-sill, inflicting a bad cut over her eye. She is unable to use her eyes and is under a doctor's care.

Sunday quite a large congregation attended to a helpful sermon by Rev. Mr. Barker. The church has extended an call to him to become the pastor.

Some from here are planning to go to Providence this week to hear Billy Sunday.

Gray Hair use Hay's Health

SAW WOOD

BUCK SAWS, AXES, WEDGES, ETC.

The Household

Bulletin Building, 74 Franklin Street Telephone 531-4